

KRS-One Lyrics

"Hip Hop Speaks From Heaven"

Yo, 2Pac once asked, "Is there a Heaven for a G?"
Well, now there is, word, 'cause he's up there to see
Moving around, he's chilling with Prince and James Brown
If our people are up in Heaven, their loving is raining down
The only force to save us from city was hip hop
The only force that made us grimy and gritty was hip hop
We all respect the world's religions and the laws they laid
But I know Scott La Rock's gonna come to my aid
See, these saints are great, but they're not where my heart be
When I call on the angels, I'm calling on Marcus Garvey
I'd rather call on Bob Marley, oh yes, sir
Kwame Ture, that's my real ancestor
Why call upon the spirits of oppressors
When you can call your own angels when you under pressure
See, when it comes to hip hop, here's the lesson
Start praising your own people, hip hop speaks from Heaven

Hip hop speaks from Heaven
Tell me who you repping yo, this another lesson yo
Hip hop speaks from Heaven
Tell me who you repping yo, this another lesson yo
Go, hip hop speaks from Heaven
Tell me who you repping yo, this another lesson yo
Hey, hip hop speaks from Heaven
Tell me who you repping

So when I think of California, I'm seeing Eazy-E
When I think of Brooklyn, New York, I'm seeing B.I.G
When I'm thinking about the Bronx, I'm seeing Scott La Rock
We gon' praise they name forever and we gon' never stop
It's forever 2Pac, it's forever Heavy D
It's forever Big Pun, it's forever O.D.B
They was live, now deceased, from the West to the East
It's forever Phife Dawg, Big L rest in peace
What happens next, we shouting out Professor X
Shout out to Freaky Tah, shout out to Proof, big respect
We can't forget, so we bubble with joy
When we reminisce over you, Trouble T-Roy
Shout out to Keith Cowboy, Ms. Melodie all day
Shout out to J Dilla and Jam Master Jay
It's love I'm sending to you
Shout out to Guru, and Mr. Magic from the Juice Crew

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Forget who's the best guy
This that time to think about Pimp C, Buffy, and Lisa Left Eye
Frosty Freeze breaking in the breeze
Big Bank Hank still inspiring MC's
We'll never be free until we free up our mind
We praising our enemy's God's fallen behind
Yo, it's all in the rhyme, the past is gone
But I can still feel the spirit of Master Don
Yo, many have been lied to, so here's what the wise do
Praise your own people, the force is inside you
Like a late fog in the mist
I see MCA and rest in peace Nate Dogg
They names and they natures will last
Like Chris Lighty and my man Bill Blass
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